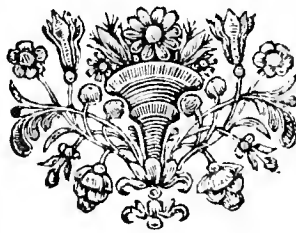


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THE
ART
OF PRESERVING
HEALTH:
A
POEM.



L O N D O N:

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T H E
A R T
OF PRESERVING
H E A L T H.
B O O K I.
A I R.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
HYGEIA*; whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal essences bestows
5 Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!
Thou, chearful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'ft on the western gale,

* Hygeia the goddess of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Esculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

B

Or

Or shak'ft the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffuseft life and vigour thro' the tracts
10 Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain.
When thro' the blue ferenity of heav'n
Thy power approaches, all the wasteful hoft
Of pain and ficknefs, fquallid and deform'd,
Confounded fink into the loathfom gloom,
15 Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever fshapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm thro' the fhuddering air : whatever plagues
Or meagre famine breeds, or with flow wings
20 Rife from the putrid watry element,
The damp waste forest, motionlefs and rank,
That fmothers earth and all the breathlefs winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field ;
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten fouth ;
25 Whatever ill's th' extremes or fudden change

Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;
They fly thy pure effulgence : they, and all
The secret poisons of avenging heaven,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
30 Of vice and heedless pleasure : or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill-combin'd,
Portend disastrous to the vital world ;
Thy salutary power averts their rage,
35 Averts the general bane : and but for thee
Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

Without thy chearful active energy
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.
40 Come then with me, O Goddess heavenly-gay !
Begin the song ; and let it sweetly flow,
And let it wisely teach thy wholesom laws :

“ How best the fickle fabric to support
“ Of mortal man ; in healthful body how
45 “ A healthful mind the longest to maintain.”
’Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to chuse
The best, and those of most extensive use ;
Harder in clear and animated song
Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
50 Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace
Of nature, and with daring steps proceed
Thro’ paths the muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,
Had I the lights of that sagacious mind
55 Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
And quel the dreaded Python of the Nile.
O Thou belov’d by all the graceful arts,
Thou long the fav’rite of the healing powers,
Indulge, O MEAD ! a well-design’d essay,

How-

60 Howe'er imperfect : and permit that I
My little knowledge with my country share,
Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
And with new graces dignify the theme.

Y E who amid this feverish world would wear
65 A body free of pain, of cares a mind ;
Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air ;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead,
The dying, sickning, and the living world
70 Exhal'd, to fully heaven's transparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not air
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
75 Of nature ; when from shape and texture she
Relapses into fighting elements :

It

It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
Much moisture hurts ; but here a fordid bath,
80 With oily rancor fraught, relaxes more
The solid frame than simple moisture can.
Besides, immur'd in many a fullen bay
That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
This slumbring deep remains, and ranker grows
85 With sickly rest : and (tho' the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from so many thundring chimneys, tame
The putrid salts that overswarm the sky ;
90 This caustick venom would perhaps corrode
Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd ;
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin,

Im-

95 Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,
And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away ! the rural wilds
Invite ; the mountains call you, and the vales,
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
100 That fans the ever undulating sky ;
A kindly sky ! whose soft'ring power regales
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
Find then some woodland scene where nature smiles
Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
105 To us there wants not many a happy feat ;
Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
See where enthron'd in adamantine state,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits ;
110 There chuse thy feat, in some aspiring grove
Fast by the slowly-winding Thames ; or where
Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
(Richmond

(Richmond that fees an hundred villas rise
Rural or gay.) O! from the summer's rage
115 O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham! But if the busy town
Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,
Sweetly thou mayst thy vacant hours possess
In Hampstead, courted by the western wind;
120 Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
Green rise the Kentish hills in chearful air;
But on the marshy plains that Essex spreads
125 Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet.
For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there presides; a meagre fiend
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
130 Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the fens.

From such a mixture sprung this fitful pest,
With feverish blasts subdues the sick'ning land :
Cold tremors come, and mighty love of rest,
Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
135 That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints, and every torpid limb ;
Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
O'erflow ; a short relief from former ills.
Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine ;
140 The vigour sinks, the habit melts away ;
The chearful, pure and animated bloom
Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
Devour'd, in fallow melancholy clad.
And oft the forcerefs, in her fated wrath,
145 Religns them to the furies of her train ;
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain
Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake ;
150 Where many lazy muddy rivers flow :
Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll
Fix near the marshy margin of the main.
For from the humid soil, and watry reign,
Eternal vapours rise ; the spongy air
155 For ever weeps ; or, turgid with the weight
Of waters, pours a founding deluge down.
Skies such as these let every mortal shun
Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,
Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh ;
160 Or any other injury that grows
From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,
Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood
In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine ;

165 For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven,

That winnows into dust the blasted downs,

Bare and extended wide without a stream,

Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph

Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.

170 The lungs grow rigid, and with toil effay

Their flexible vibrations ; or inflam'd,

Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.

Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood

A mass of lees remains, a droffy tide

175 That flow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins,

Unactive in the services of life,

Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'

The secret mazy channels of the brain.

The melancholic fiend, (that worst despair

180 Of phyc) hence the rust-complexion'd man

Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain

'Too stretch'd a tone : And hence in climes aduft
 So fudden tumults feize the trembling nerves,
 And burning fevers glow with double rage.

185 Fly, if you can, thefe violent extremes
 Of air ; the wholefome is nor moift nor dry.
 But as the power of chufing is deny'd
 To half mankind, a further task enfues ;
 How beft to mitigate thefe fell extreame,
 190 How breathe unhurt the withering element,
 Or hazy atmofphere : 'Tho' cuftom moulds
 To every clime the foft Promethean clay ;
 And he who firft the fogs of Effex breath'd
 (So kind is native air) may in the fens
 195 Of Effex from inveterate ills revive
 At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
 But if the raw and oozy heaven offend,
 Correct the foil, and dry the fources up

Of

Of watry exhalation ; wide and deep

200 Conduct your trenches thro' the spouting bog ;

Sollicitous, with all your winding arts,

Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream ;

And weed the forest, and invoke the winds

To break the toils where strangled vapours lie ;

205 Or thro' the thickets send the crackling flames.

Mean time, at home with chearful fires dispel

The humid air : And let your table smoke

With solid roast or bak'd ; or what the herds

Of tamer breed supply ; or what the wilds.

210 Yield to the toilfom pleasures of the chase.

Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,

But frugal be your cups ; the languid frame,

Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,

Shrinks from the cold embrace of watry heavens.

215 But neither these, nor all Apollo's arts,

Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,

Unless

Unless with exercise and manly toil
You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.
The fat'ning clime let all the sons of ease
220 Avoid ; if indolence would wish to live.
Go, yawn and loiter out the long flow year
In fairer skies. If drougthy regions parch
The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning blood ;
Deep in the waving forest chuse your seat,
225 Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air ;
And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
And into lakes dilate the running stream.
Here spread your gardens wide ; and let the cool,
The moist relaxing vegetable store
230 Prevail in each repast : Your food supplied
By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,
To liquid balm ; or, if the solid mass
You chuse, tormented in the boiling wave ;

235 That thro' the thirsty channels of the blood
A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
The fragrant dairy from its cool recess
Its nectar acid or benign will pour
To drown your thirst ; or let the mantling bowl
240 Of keen Sherbet the fickle taste relieve.
For with the viscous blood the simple stream
Will hardly mingle ; and fermented cups
Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
245 His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge
In feasts more genial, and impatient broach
The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air
Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.
250 Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
Bedew'd, our seasons droop ; incumbent still
A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking foul.

Lab'ring

Lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rise
Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades
255 Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
Till black with thunder all the south descends.
Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge
Our melting clime ; except the baleful east
Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
260 The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
Good heaven ! for what unexpiated crimes
This dismal change ! The brooding elements
Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
265 Prepare some fierce exterminating plague ?
Or is it fix'd in the Decrees above
That lofty Albion melt into the main ?
Indulgent nature ! O dissolve this gloom !
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
270 That drown or wither : Give the genial west
2 To

To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly north :
And may once more the circling seasons rule
The year ; not mix in every monstrous day.

Mean time, the moist malignity to shun
275 Of burthen'd skies ; mark where the dry champain
Swells into chearful hills ; where Marjoram
And Thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air ;
And where the * Cynorrhodon with the rose
For fragrance vies ; for in the thirsty soil
280 Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.
And let them see the winter morn arise,
The summer evening blushing in the west ;
285 While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,

* The wild rose, or that which grows upon the wild briar.

And bleak affliction of the peevish east.

O! when the growling winds contend, and all

The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm,

290 To sink in warm repose, and hear the din

Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights

Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.

The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain

Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,

295 Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.

To please the fancy is no trifling good,

Where health is studied ; for whatever moves

The mind with calm delight, promotes the just

And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.

300 Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes

The trembling air ; that floats from hill to hill,

From vale to mountain, with incessant change

Of purest element, refreshing still

Your airy seat, and uninfected Gods.

Chiefly

305 Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
Th' etherial deep with endless billows laves.
His purer mansion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

310 But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
Involve my hill. And wheresoe'er you build ;
Whether on fun-burnt Epsom, or the plains
Wash'd by the silent Lee ; in Chelsea low,
Or high Blackheath with wintry winds assail'd ;

315 Dry be your house : but airy more than warm.
Else every breath of ruder wind will strike
Your tender body thro' with rapid pains ;
Fierce coughs will teize you, hoarseness bind your
voice,

Or moift Gravedo load your aching brows.

320 These to defy, and all the fates that dwell

In cloister'd air tainted with steaming life,
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms ;
And still at azure noontide may your dome
At every window drink the liquid sky.

325 Need we the funny situation here,
And theatres open to the south, commend ?
Here, where the morning's misty breath infects
More than the torrid noon ? How sickly grow,
How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales
330 That, circled round with the gigantic heap
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
To feel, the genial vigor of the sun !
While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames
The verdant spring ; in virgin beauty blows
335 The tender lily, languishingly sweet ;
O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.

Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
The fost'ring sun : whose energy divine

340 Dwells not in mortal fire ; whose generous heat
Glows thro' the mafs of groffer elements,
And kindles into life the pond'rous spheres.
Chear'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majesty of day !

345 If not the foul, the regent of this world,
First born of heaven, and only less than God !



T H E

THE
ART
OF PRESERVING
HEALTH.
BOOK II.
DIET.

T H E
A R T
OF PRESERVING
H E A L T H.

B O O K II.

D I E T.

ENough of air. A desert subject now,
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight.
A barren waste, where not a garland grows
To bind the muse's brow ; not even a proud
5 Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouse a noble horror in the soul :
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Thro' endless labyrinths the devious feet.

E

Fare-

Farewel, ethereal fields! the humbler arts
10 Of life ; the table and the homely Gods,
Demand my song. Elyſian gales adieu!

The blood, the fountain whence the ſpirits flow,
The generous ſtream that waters every part,
And motion, vigor, and warm life conveys
15 To every particle that moves or lives ;
This vital fluid, thro' unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refunded ; ſcourg'd for ever round and round,
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at laſt forgets
20 Its balmy nature ; virulent and thin
It grows ; and now, but that a thouſand gates
Are open to its flight, it would deſtroy
The parts it cheriſh'd and repair'd before.
Beſides, the flexible and tender tubes
25 Melt in the mildeſt, moſt nectareous tide

That

That ripening nature rolls ; as in the stream
Its crumbling banks ; but what the vital force
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force, those plastic particles
30 Rebuild : So mutable the state of man.
For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,
Daily with fresh materials to repair
This unavoidable expence of life,
This necessary waste of flesh and blood.
35 Hence the concoctive powers, with various art,
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle ;
The chyle to blood ; the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which thro' finer arteries
To different parts their winding course pursue ;
40 To try new changes, and new forms put on,
Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind
Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin,
45 By violent powers too easily subdu'd,
Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,
To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass
That salt can harden, or the smoke of years ;
Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,
50 Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste
Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay
Infirm and delicate ! and ye who waste
With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day !
Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
55 The full repast ; and let sagacious age
Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
Readiest obeys th' assimilating powers ;

And

B. II. *Preserving* H E A L T H

And soon the tender vegetable mafs
60 Relents ; and soon the young of thofe that tread
The ftedfaft earth, or cleave the green abyfs,
Or pathlefs sky. And if the Steer muft fall,
In youth and vigor glorious let him die ;
Nor ftay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
65 Abfolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage, and luxuriant eafe,
Indulge the veteran Ox ; but wifer thou,
From the bleak mountain or the barren downs,
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed ;
70 A race of purer blood, with exercife
Refin'd and fcanty fare : For, old or young,
The ftall'd are never healthy ; nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame,
To wholfome food, th' abominable growth
75 Of reft and gluttony ; the prudent tafte
Rejects like bane fuch loathfome lufcioufnefs.

The

The languid stomach curses even the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil ;
For more the oily aliments relax
80 Its feeble tone ; and with the eager lymph
(Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
Coily they mix ; and shun with slippery wiles
The wooed embrace. 'Th' irresoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
85 Of rancid bile o'erflows : What tumults hence,
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
Chuse leaner viands, ye of jovial make !
Chuse sober meals ; and rouse to active life
Your cumbrous clay ; nor on th' enfeebling down,
90 Irresolute, protract the morning hours.
But let the man, whose bones are thinly clad,
With chearful ease, and succulent repast
Improve his slender habit. Each extreme
From the blest mean of sanity departs.

I could

95 I could relate what table this demands,
Or that complexion ; what the various powers
Of various foods : But fifty years would roll,
And fifty more, before the tale were done.
Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange,
100 Peculiar thing ; nor on the skin display'd,
Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen ;
Which finds a poison in the food that most
The temp'rate affects. There are, whose blood
Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins,
105 Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind,
Than the moist Melon, or pale Cucumber.
Of chilly nature others fly the board
Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal pow'rs
For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore.
110 Some even the generous nutriment detest
Which, in the shell, the sleeping Embyro rears.
Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts

Of

Of Pales ; soft, delicious and benign :
The balmy quintessence of every flower,
115 And every grateful herb that decks the spring ;
The soft'ring dew of tender sprouting life ;
The best refecti^on of declining age ;
The kind restorative of those who lie
Half-dead and panting, from the doubtful strife
120 Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
There is not such a salutary food,
As suits with every stomach. But (except,
Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
125 And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which
You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all ;)
Taught by experience soon you may discern
What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
That lull the sicken'd appetite too long ;
130 Or heave with feverish flushings all the face,

Burn in the palms, and parch the roughning tongue ;
 Or much diminish or too much increase
 Th' expence which nature's wise oeconomy,
 Without or waste or avarice, maintains.

135 Such cates abjur'd, let prouling hunger loose,
 And bid the curious palate roam at will ;
 They scarce can err amid the various stores
 That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
 140 Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives :
 The tyger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
 Would at the manger starve : Of milder feeds,
 The generous horse to herbage and to grain
 Confines his wish ; tho' fabling Greece resound
 145 The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.
 Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,
 Each creature knows its proper aliment ;

But man, th' inhabitant of every clime,
With all the commoners of nature feeds.
150 Directed, bounded, by this pow'r within,
Their cravings are well-aim'd : Voluptuous man
Is by superior faculties misled ;
Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy.
Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
155 With dishes tortur'd from their native taste,
And mad variety, to spur beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite !
Is this for pleasure ? Learn a juster taste ;
And know, that temperance is true luxury.
160 Or is it pride ? Pursue some nobler aim.
Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire ;
And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as yours,
The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates.
165 Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,
Tho'

Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.
Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow ?
No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom
170 Unfoster'd flickens in the barren shade ?
No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too generous and humane,
Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
And sigh for wants more bitter than his own ?
175 There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,
180 Besides provoking the lascivious taste.
Such various foods, tho' harmless each alone,
Each other violate ; and oft we see

What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
From combinations of innoxious things.

185 Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine
To hermit's diet, needlessly severe.

But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
Or husband pleasure ; at one impious meal
Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,

190 And of each realm. It matters not mean while
How much to morrow differ from to day ;
So far indulge : 'tis fit, besides, that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.

But stay the curious appetite, and taste

195 With caution fruits you never tried before.

For want of use the kindest aliment

Sometimes offends ; while custom tames the rage
Of poison to mild amity with life.

So

So heav'n has form'd us to the general taste

200 Of all its gifts ; so custom has improv'd

This bent of nature ; that few simple foods,

Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,

But by excess offend. Beyond the sense

Of light refection, at the genial board

205 Indulge not often ; nor protract the feast

To dull satiety ; till soft and slow

A drowsy death creeps on, th' expansive soul

Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.

The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,

210 Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdued

The softest food : unfinish'd and deprav'd,

The chyle, in all its future wand'rings, owns

Its turbid fountain ; not by purer streams

So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.

215 To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt

Th' unripen'd grape ? Or what mechanic skill

From

From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold ?
Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
Of plagues : but more immedicable ills
220 Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows
How to disburden the too tumid veins,
Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood ;
But to unlock the elemental tubes,
Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,
225 And with balsamic nutriment repair
The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
Old age grow green, and wear a second spring ;
Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the foil,
Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
230 When hunger calls, obey ; nor often wait
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain :
For the keen appetite will feast beyond
What nature well can bear ; and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.

Too

- 235 Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege
And famine humbled, may this verse be borne ;
240 And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds,
Long tofs'd and famish'd on the wintry main ;
The war shook off, or hospitable shore
Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy ;
Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day :
245 Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,
Than war, or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on ;
But prudently foment the wandering spark
With what the soonest feels its kindred touch :
250 Be frugal ev'n of that : a little give
At first ; that kindled, add a little more ;
Till,

Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame
Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigor glows.

But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)
255 Extremes have each their vice ; it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that : So nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues
260 The cruder clods by sloth or luxury
Collected ; and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours ;
Then is a time to shun the tempting board,
265 Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves
The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once
Might cost you labour. But the day return'd
Of

Of festal luxury, the wise indulge
270 Most in the tender vegetable breed :
Then chiefly when the summer's beams inflame
The brazen heavens ; or angry Sirius sheds
A feverish taint thro' the still gulph of air.
The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup
275 From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand,
Will save your head from harm, tho' round the
world
The dreaded * Causos roll his wasteful fires.
Pale humid Winter loves the generous board,
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare ;
280 And longs, with old wood and old wine, to cheer
His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
Th' empires of heat and cold ; by neither claim'd,
Influenc'd by both ; a middle regimen

* The burning fever.

Impose. 'Thro' autumn's languishing domain
285 Descending, nature by degrees invites
To glowing luxury. But from the depth
Of winter, when th' invigorated year
Emerges ; when Favonius flush'd with love,
Toyful and young, in every breeze descends
290 More warm and wanton on his kindling bride ;
Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks ;
And learn, with wise humanity, to check
The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to th' indulgent sky :
295 Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand
The prone creation ; yields what once suffic'd
Their dainty soveraign, when the world was
young ;
E're yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seiz'd
The human breast. Each rolling month matures
300 The food that suits it most ; so does each clime.

Far

Far in the horrid realms of winter, where
Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole ;
There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
305 Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother,
Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
Untam'd, untractable, no harvests wave :
Pomona hates them, and the clownish God
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
310 Such cooling gifts were vain : a fitter meal
Is earn'd with ease ; for here the fruitful spawn
Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial boar d
With generous fare and luxury profuse.
These are their bread, the only bread they know ;
315 These, and their willing slave the deer, that crops
The shrubby herbage on their meager hills.
Girt by the burning zone, not thus the south
Her swarthy sons, in either Ind, maintains :

Or thirsty Lybia ; from whose fervid loins
320 The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams
Th' affrighted wilderuess. The mountain herd,
Adult and dry, no sweet repast affords ;
Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,
So perfect, so delicious, as the stores
325 Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood
Brews feverish frays ; where scarce the tubes sustain
Its tumid fervor and tempestuous course ;
Kind nature tempts not to such gifts as these.
But here in livid ripeness melts the grape ;
330 Here, finish'd by invigorating suns,
Thro' the green shade the golden Orange glows ;
Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields
A generous pulp ; the Coco swells on high
With milky riches ; and in horrid mail
335 The soft Ananas wraps its tender sweets.
Earth's vaunted progeny : In ruder air

Too

Too coy to flourish, even to proud to live ;
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire

To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile

340 Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn.

Here buxom Ceres reigns : 'Th' autumnal sea
In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.

What suits the climate best, what suits the men,
Nature profuses most, and most the taste

345 Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.

The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
Supports in else intolerable air :

While the cool Palm, the Plantain, and the grove

350 That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage

The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead ;
Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.

I burn

I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
355 By mortal elfe untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thundering o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy rev'rence I approach the rocks,
Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient
song.

Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
360 First springs the Nile; here bursts the found-
ing Po

In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the East;
And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
The chearless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
365 What solemn twilight! What stupendous shades
Enwarp these infant floods! Thro' every nerve
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
And more gigantic still th' impending trees
Stretch

- 370 Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are these the confines of some fairy world?
A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds
What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
375 To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
Your gifts, (so Pæon, so the powers of health
380 Command) to praise your chrystal element:
The chief ingredient in heaven's various works;
Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
385 And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams ! With eager lips
And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
New life in you ; fresh vigor fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew ;
390 None warmer sought the fires of human-kind.
Happy in temperate peace ! Their equal days
Felt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth,
And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd,
They knew no pains but what the tender soul
395 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
Blest with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they liv'd ; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
Oh ! could those worthies from the world of Gods
400 Return to visit their degenerate sons,
How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain !

Too happy they ! But wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on sloth begot disease.

405 Learn temperance, friends ; and hear without
disdain

The choice of water. Thus the * Coan sage
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every school.

What least of foreign principles partakes
Is best : The lightest then ; what bears the touch

410 Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air ;
The most insipid ; the most void of smell.

Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides
Pours down ; such waters in the sandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter frosts

415 And summer's heat secure. The lucid stream,
O'er rocks resounding, or for many a mile
Hurl'd down the pebbly channel, wholesome yields

* Hippocrates.

And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,
And half the mountains melt into the tide.

420 Tho' thirst were ne'er so resolute, avoid
The fordid lake, and all such drowfy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's flow canals;
(With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
425 Of little monsters;) till the power of fire
Has from profane embraces disengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin stream
In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes
430 The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.
But where the stomach, indolently given,
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' insipid stream: Tho' golden Ceres yields

A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught ;

435 Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all

The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyfs

Of fermentation spring ; with spirit fraught,

And furious with intoxicating fire ;

Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd

450 Th' embodied mafs. You fee what countless years,

Embalm'd in fiery quintefcence of wine,

The puny wonders of the reptile world,

The tender rudiments of life, the flim

Unrav'lings of minute anatomy,

455 Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain !

We curfe not wine : The vile excefs we blame ;

More fruitful, than th' accumulated board,

Of pain and misery. For the fubtle draught

Faster and furer fwells the vital tide ;

460 And with more active poison, than the floods

Of grosser crudity convey, pervades
The far-remote meanders of our frame.
Ah! fly deceiver! Branded o'er and o'er,
Yet still believ'd! Exulting o'er the wreck
465 Of sober Vows! But the Parnassian maids
Another time perhaps shall sing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;
Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.

Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl,
470 Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expells
The loitering crudities, that burthen life;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
475 Is full of chances, which by habit's power
To learn to bear is easier than to shun.
Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,

Or

Or facred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages ;
480 Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd ?
Then learn to revel ; but by slow degrees :
By slow degrees the liberal arts are won ;
485 And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooch
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
In cups by well-inform'd experience found
The least your bane ; and only with your friends.
There are sweet follies, frailties to be seen
490 By friends alone, and men of generous minds.

Oh ! seldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep ! I would not daily taste,
Except when life declines, even sober cups.

Weak

Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
495 With frugal nectar, smooth and flow with balm,
The sapless habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys ;
And is it wise when youth with pleasure flows,
500 To squander the reliefs of age and pain ?

What dext'rous thousands just within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly course !
Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions shock the head.
505 But ah ! what woes remain ! Life rolls apace,
And that incurable disease old age,
In youthful bodies more severely felt,
More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime :
Except kind nature by some hasty blow
Prevent

- 510 Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er
 Beyond its natural fervor hurries on
 The sanguine tide ; whether the frequent bowl,
 High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
 Protracted ; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,
 And sows the temples with untimely snow.
- 515 When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
 The heart's increasing force ; and, day by day,
 The growth advances ; till the larger tubes,
 Acquiring (from their * elemental veins,
 Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,

* In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood-vessels are composed of smaller ones ; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensile, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

520 Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood.
Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
And pressure, still the great destroy the small ;
Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.
Life glows mean time, amid the grinding force
525 Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes ;
Its various functions vigorously are plied
By strong machinery ; and in solid health
The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.
But the full ocean ebbs : There is a point,
530 By nature fix'd, whence life must downwards tend.
For still the beating tide consolidates
The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still,
To the weak throbbings of th' enfeebled heart.
This languishing, these strengthening by degrees
535 To hard unyielding unelastic bone,
Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls

Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on ;
It loiters still : And now it stirs no more.

This is the period few attain ; the death

540 Of nature : Thus (so heav'n ordain'd it) life
Destroys itself ; and could these laws have chang'd,
Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate ;
And Homer live immortal as his song.

What does not fade ? The tower that long
had stood

545 The crush of thunder, and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend ; the Babylonian spires are sunk ;
550 Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,

I

And

And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old ;
And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
555 The sun himself, shall die ; and ancient Night
Again involve the desolate abyss :
Till the great FATHER thro' the lifeless gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
560 For thro' the regions of unbounded space,
Where unconfin'd omnipotence has room,
BEING, in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhorr'd decay ;
It ever did ; perhaps and ever will.
565 New worlds are still emerging from the deep ;
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

T H E

T H E
A R T

OF PRESERVING

H E A L T H.

B O O K III.

E X E R C I S E.

T H E
A R T
OF PRESERVING
H E A L T H.
B O O K III.

E X E R C I S E.

THro' various toils th' adventurous muse has
past ;

But half the toil, and more than half, remains.

Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song ;

Plain, and of little ornament ; and I

5 But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts.

Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,

If ought these lays the fickle health confirm.

2

To

To you, ye delicate, I write ; for you
I tame my youth to philosophic cares,
10 And grow still paler by the midnight lamps.
Not to debilitate with timorous rules
A hardy frame ; nor needlessly to brave
Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength ;
Is all the lesson that in wholesome years
15 Concerns the strong. His care were ill bestow'd
Who would with warm effeminacy nurse
The thriving oak, which on the mountain's brow
Bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heav'n.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
20 In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies :
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
He knows no laws by Esculapius given ;
He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
Infest,

25 Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly
 When rabid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
 His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
 Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd
 To every casualty of varied life ;
 30 Serene he bears the peevish eastern blast,
 And uninfected breaths the mortal South.

Such the reward of rude and sober life ;
 Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil
 Is well repaid ; if exercise were pain
 35 Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these
 Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons ;
 And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,
 Unhurt, thro' every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
 40 Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone ;

The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,
Mellow'd, and subtilis'd ; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancor of the blood.

Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
45 Of nature and the year ; come, let us stray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk :
Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.

50 Nor when bright Winter fows with prickly frost
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home ; nor even when Eurus' blasts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
55 Or fogs relent, no season should confine
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.

Go, climb the mountain ; from th' etherial source
Imbibe the recent gale. The chearful morn

Beams

Beams o'er the hills ; go, mount th' exulting steed,
 60 Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
 The tainted mazes ; and, on eager sport
 Intent, with emulous impatience try
 Each doubtful track. Or, if a nobler prey
 Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer ;
 65 And thro' its deepest solitudes awake
 The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
 Exceed your strength ; a sport of less fatigue,
 Not less delightful, the prolific stream
 70 Affords. The chrystal rivulet, that o'er
 A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
 Swarms with the silver fry. Such, thro' the bounds
 Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent ;
 Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains ; such

75 The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the
stream

On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song: Tho' not a purer stream,
80 Thro' meads more flow'ry, or more romantic
groves,

Rolls toward the western main. Hail sacred flood!
May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
85 For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd:
90 Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With

With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod follicite to the shore
The struggling panting prey ; while vernal clouds
95 And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton
 fwarms.

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
There are who think these pastimes scarce humane.
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
100 His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.
But if thro' genuine tenderness of heart,
Or secret want of relish for the game,
You shun the glories of the chace, nor care
To haunt the peopled stream ; the garden yields
105 A soft amusement, an humane delight.
To raise th' insipid nature of the ground ;

Or tame its savage genius to the grace
Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
The amiable result of happy chance,
110 Is to create ; and gives a god-like joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
To check the lawless riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
O happy he ! whom, when his years decline,
115 (His fortune and his fame by worthy means
Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind ;
His life approv'd by all the wise and good,
Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
120 Receive to rest ; of all ungrateful cares
Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.
Happiest of men ! if the same soil invites
A chosen few, companions of his youth,
Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends ;
With

125 With whom in easy commerce to pursue
Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame :
A fair ambition ; void of strife or guile,
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.

Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
130 The vizio best, and best conducts the stream ;
Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend ;
Whom first the welcome spring salutes ; who
shews

The earliest bloom, the sweetest proudest charms,
Of Flora ; who best gives Pomona's juice
135 To match the sprightly genius of Champaign.
Thrice happy days ! in rural business past.
Blest winter nights ! when, as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
140 And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame,
With witless wantons to hunt it down :

Or

Or thro' the fairy-land of tale or song
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity ;
145 Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,
His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
His festal roof ; while, o'er the light repast,
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy ;
150 And, thro' the maze of conversation, trace
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
The native zest and flavour of the fruit,
Where sense grows wild, and takes of no manure)
155 The decent, honest, chearful husbandman
Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl ;
And at my table find himself at home.

What-

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
 Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils ;
 160 The tennis some ; and some the graceful dance.
 Others, more hardy, range the purple heath,
 Or naked stubble ; where from field to field
 The founding coveys urge their labouring flight ;
 Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
 165 The gun's unerring thunder : And there are
 Whom still the* meed of the green archer charms.
 He chuses best, whose labour entertains
 His vacant fancy most : The toil you hate
 Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.
 170 As beauty still has blemish ; and the mind
 The most accomplish'd its imperfect side ;
 Few bodies are there of that happy mould

* This word is much used by some of the old English poets, and signifies
 Reward or Prize.

But some one part is weaker than the rest :
The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,
175 Or the chest labours. These assiduously,
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
Acquire a vigor and elastic spring
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

180 Begin with gentle toils ; and, as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.
The prudent, even in every moderate walk,
At first but faunter ; and by slow degrees
Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
185 Well knows the master of the flying steed.
First from the goal the manag'd courfers play
On bended reins ; as yet the skilful youth
Repress their foamy pride ; but every breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells ;
Till

190 Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once from indolence to toil
You spring, the fibres by the hasty flock
Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
195 Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm.
Besides, collected in the passive veins,
The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,
O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs
With dangerous inundation: Oft the source
200 Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,
Asthma, and feller * Peripneumonie,
Or the flow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic fool, to whom what heav'n deny'd
Of soul is well compensated in limbs,

* The inflammation of the lungs.

- 205 Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels
His vegetation and brute force decay.
The men of better clay and finer mould
Know nature, feel the human dignity ;
And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
- 210 Pursued prolixly, even the gentlest toil
Is waste of health : Repose by small fatigue
Is earn'd ; and (where your habit is not prone
To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.
The fine and subtle spirits cost too much
- 215 To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm.
But when the hard varieties of life
You toil to learn ; or try the dusty chace,
Or the warm deeds of some important day :
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
- 220 In wish'd repose, nor court the fanning gale,
Nor taste the spring. O ! by the sacred tears
Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, fires,
Forbear !

Forbear! No other pestilence has driven
Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.

225 Why this so fatal, the sagacious muse
Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace :
But there are secrets which who knows not now,
Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
Of science; and devote seven years to toil.

230 Besides, I would not stun your patient ears
With what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools
boil,

What signs portend the storm: To subtler minds
235 He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;
Whence those impetuous currents in the main,
Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why

The roughning deep expects the storm, as sure
240 As red Orion mounts the throwded heaven.

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
For polish'd luxury and useful arts ;
All hot and reeking from th' Olympic strife,
And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath
245 Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary'd limbs.
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of Nard and Cassia fraught, to sooth and heal
The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime
Not much invites us to such arts as these.
250 'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace,
And chilling fogs ; whose perspiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurys and the North ;
'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin
Too soft ; or teach the recremental fume
255 Too fast to crowd thro' such precarious ways.
For

For thro' the small arterial mouths, that pierce
In endless millions the close-woven skin,
The baser fluids in a constant stream
Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.

- 260 While this eternal, this most copious waste
Of blood degenerate into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted measure ; all the powers
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
With ease and pleasure move : But this restrain'd
265 Or more or less, so more or less you feel
The functions labour. From this fatal source
What woes descend is never to be fung.
To take their numbers, were to count the sands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Lybian air ;
270 Or waves that, when the blustering North embroils
The Baltic, thunder on the German shore.
Subject not then, by soft emollient arts,
This grand expence, on which your fates depend,
To

To every caprice of the sky ; nor thwart
275 The genius of your clime : For from the blood
Least fickle rise the recremental steams,
And least obnoxious to the styptic air,
Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous pores.
The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked treads
280 His boundless snows, nor rue sth' inclement heaven ;
And hence our painted ancestors defied
The East ; nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.

The body moulded by the clime, induces
Th' Equator heats, or Hyperborean frost :
285 Except by habits foreign to its turn,
Unwise, you counteract its forming pow'r.
Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
By long acquaintance : Study then your sky,
Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
290 And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.

Against

Against the rigors of a damp cold heav'n
To fortify their bodies, some frequent
The gelid cistern ; and, where nought forbids,
I praise their dauntless heart. A frame so steel'd
295 Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts,
That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism ;
The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone,
No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.
But all things have their bounds: And he who makes
300 By daily use the kindest regimen
Essential to his health, should never mix
With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
He not the safe vicissitudes of life
Without some shock endures ; ill-fitted he
305 To want the known, or bear unusual things.
Besides, the powerful remedies of pain
(Since pain in spite of all our care will come)
Should never with your prosperous days of health
Grow

Grow too familiar : For by frequent use
310 The strongest medicines lose their healing power,
And even the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry West,
Or the wide flood that waters Indostan,
315 Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
Untwist their stubborn pores ; that full and free
Th' evaporation thro' the softned skin
May bear proportion to the swelling blood.
So shall they 'scape the fever's rapid flames ;
320 So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.
With us, the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution, just enough to clear
The fluices of the skin, enough to keep
The body sacred from indecent soil.
325 Still to be pure, even did it not conduce

(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
 Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich ;
 The want of this is poverty's worst woe :
 With this external virtue, age maintains
 330 A decent grace ; without it, youth and charms
 Are loathsome. This the skilful virgin knows :
 So doubtless do your wives. For married fires,
 As well as lovers, still pretend to taste ;
 Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
 335 To lose a husband's, than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil,
 From foreign themes recall my wandering song.
 Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed,
 To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage :
 340 Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame
 'Tis wisely done. For while the thirsty veins,
 Impatient of lean penury, devour

The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time
To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.

345 Now while the stomach from the full repast
Subsides; but ere returning hunger gnaws;
Ye leaner habits give an hour to toil:
And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.

350 But from the recent meal no labours please,
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
Claim all the wandering spirits to a work
Of strong and subtle toil, and great event;
A work of time: and you may rue the day

355 You hurried, with ill-seasoned exercise,
A half concocted chyle into the blood.

The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
Much toil demands: The lean elastic less.

While winter chills the blood, and binds the veins,

360 No labours are too hard: By those you 'scape

The

The flow-diseases of the torpid year ;
Endless to name ; to one of which alone,
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
Is pleasure : Oh ! from such inhuman pains
365 May all be free who merit not the wheel !
But from the burning Lion when the sun
Pours down his fultry wrath ; now while the blood
Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids thro' the skin
370 Explore their flight ; me, near the cool cascade
Reclin'd, or fauntring in the lofty grove,
No needless flight occasion should engage
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
315 To shady walks and active rural sports
Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid skies : Tho' 'tis no vulgar joy

To trace the horrors of the solemn wood,
380 While the soft evening faddens into night :
Tho' the sweet poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in strains of amorous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the
world

Expands her fable wings. Great nature droops
380 Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude : He not in vain
Invokes the gentle deity of dreams.
His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
390 In soft repose : On him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
In deep oblivion ; or on fancy's wings
Visit the paradise of happy dreams,

395 And waken chearful as the lively morn ;
Oppress not nature sinking down to rest
With feasts too late, too solid, or too full.
But be the first concoction half-matur'd,
Ere you to mighty indolence resign
400 Your passive faculties. He from the toils
And troubles of the day to heavier toil
Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks
Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
The busy dæmons hurl, or in the main
405 O'erwhelm, or bury struggling under ground.
Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
Can counterpoise, of that most wretched man,
Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
Of wild Orestes ; whose delirious brain,
410 Stung by the furies, works with poisoned thought !
While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul ;
And mangled consciousness bemoans itself

For

For ever torn ; and chaos floating round.
What dreams prefage, what dangers these or those
415 Portend to sanity, tho' prudent fears
Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame ;
We would not to the superstitious mind
Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.
'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
420 To banish omens, and all restless woes.

In study some protract the silent hours,
Which others consecrate to mirth and wine ;
And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But surely this redeems not from the shades
425 One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail
What season you to drowsy Morpheus give
Of th' ever-varying circle of the day ;
Or whether, thro' the tedious winter gloom,
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.

The

430 The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,
Defies the early fogs : but, by the toils
Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,
Weakly resists the nights unwholesome breath.
The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,
435 Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
Creep on, and thro' the sickning functions steal.
So, when the chilling East invades the spring,
The delicate Narcissus pines away
In hectic languor ; and a slow disease
440 Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd
To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone
To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane ?
O shame ! O pity ! nipt with pale Quadrille,
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies !

445 By toil subdu'd, the Warrior and the Hind
Sleep fast and deep ; their active functions soon
With

With generous streams the subtle tubes supply,
And soon the tonick irritable nerves
Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.
450 The sons of indolence, with long repose,
Grow torpid ; and, with slowest Lethe drunk,
Feebly and lingeringly return to life,
Blunt every sense and powerless every limb.
Ye, prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)
455 On the hard mattrass or elastic couch
Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth ;
Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
And springy nerves, the blandishments of down.
Nor envy while the buried bacchanal
460 Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams.

He without riot, in the balmy feast
Of life, the wants of nature has supplied
Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.

But

But pliant nature more or less demands,
465 As custom forms her ; and all sudden change
She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies,
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage ;
470 Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,
Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd
Her seasons change ! Behold ! by slow degrees,
Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder spring ;
475 The ripen'd Spring a milder summer glows ;
Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store ;
And aged Autumn brews the winter-storm.
Slow as they come, these changes come not void
Of mortal shocks : The cold and torrid reigns,

N

The

480 The two great periods of th' important year,
Are in their first approaches seldom safe :
Funereal autumn all the sickly dread,
And the black fates deform the lovely spring.
He well advis'd, who taught our wiser fires
485 Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,
Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade ;
And late resign them, tho' the wanton spring
Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.
For while the effluence of the skin maintains
490 Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring
Glides harmless by ; and Autumn, sick to death
With fallow Quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
The omens of the year : what seasons teem
495 With what diseases ; what the humid South
Prepares, and what the Dæmon of the East :
But

But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
Besides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,
Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,
500 Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky,
And taught already how to each extream
To bend your life. But should the public bane
Infect you, or some trespass of your own,
Or flaw of nature hint mortality :
505 Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides
Along the spine, thro' all your torpid limbs ;
When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins ;
Be Celsus call'd : The fates come rushing on ;
510 The rapid fates admit of no delay.
While wilful you, and fatally secure,
Expect to morrow's more auspicious fun,
The growing pest, whose infancy was weak

And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway
515 O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care
Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
The hardiest frame! Of indolence, of toil,
520 We die; of want, of superfluity.
The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South
Be shut; tho' no convulsive agony
Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,
525 Th' imprison'd plagues; a secret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons, and lonely streets!
Even

530 Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies,
Albion the poison of the Gods has drunk,
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field ;
535 While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors ; till the Fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd :
Another plague of more gygantic arm
540 Arose, a monster never known before
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentuous head.
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rush'd as a storm o'er half th' astonish'd isle,
545 And strew'd with sudden carcases the land.

First

First thro' the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung.
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within ;
550 And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gush'd out in smoaky sweats ; but nought assuag'd
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
555 Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
560 The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings
heav'd.

At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head,

A wild delirium came ; their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.

Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers

565 Lay prostrate and o'erthrown ; a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up : They slept and died.

In some a gentle horror crept at first

O'er all the limbs ; the fluids of the skin

Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd

570 The sweats o'erflow'd ; but in a clammy tide :

Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow ;

Of tinctures various, as the temperature

Had mix'd the blood ; and rank with fetid steams :

As if the pent-up humors by delay

575 Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.

Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd)

With full effusion of perpetual sweats

To drive the venom out. And here the fates

Were

Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
580 For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd :
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the
third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd ;
Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive :
585 Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow ;
And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they fought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:
590 Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,
Th' infected country rush'd into the town.
Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind ;

In

In vain : where'er they fled the Fates pursued.

595 Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the
main,

To seek protection in far-distant skies ;

But none they found. It seem'd the general air

Was then at enmity with English blood.

For, but the race of England, all were safe

600 In foreign climes ; nor did this fury taste

The foreign blood which Albion then contain'd.

Where should they fly ? The circumambient
heaven

Involv'd them still ; and every breeze was bane.

Where find relief ? The salutary art

605 Was mute ; and, startled at the new disease,

In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.

To heaven with suppliant rites they sent their
pray'rs ;

O

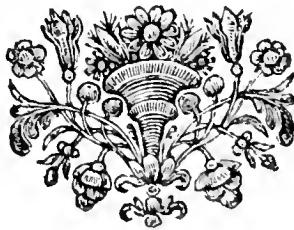
Heav'n

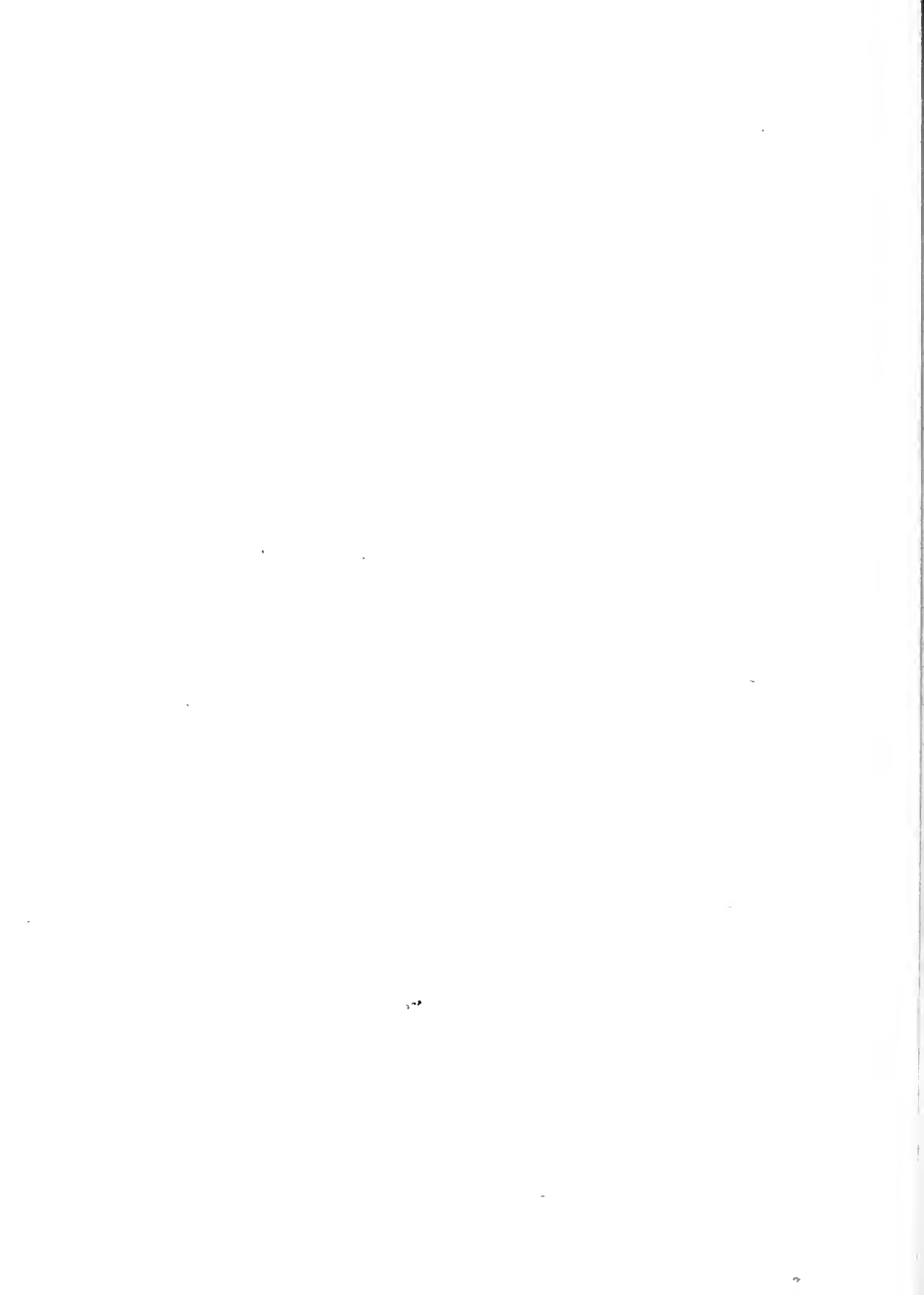
Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd ;
Fatigu'd with vain resources ; and subdued
610 With woes resistless and enfeebling fear ;
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,
Nor ought was seen but ghastly views of death ;
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
615 And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell : And oft one bed, they say,
The sickening, dying, and the dead contain'd.

Ye guardian Gods, on whom the Fates depend
620 Of tottering Albion ! Ye eternal fires,
That lead thro' heav'n the wandering year ! Ye
powers,
That o'er th' incircling elements preside !
May nothing worse than what this age has seen
Arrive !

Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home
625 Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven
Has thin'd her cities; from those lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign;
While in the West, beyond th' Atlantic foam,
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have died
630 The death of cowards, and of common men;
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

But from these views the weeping Muses turn,
And other themes invite my wandering song.

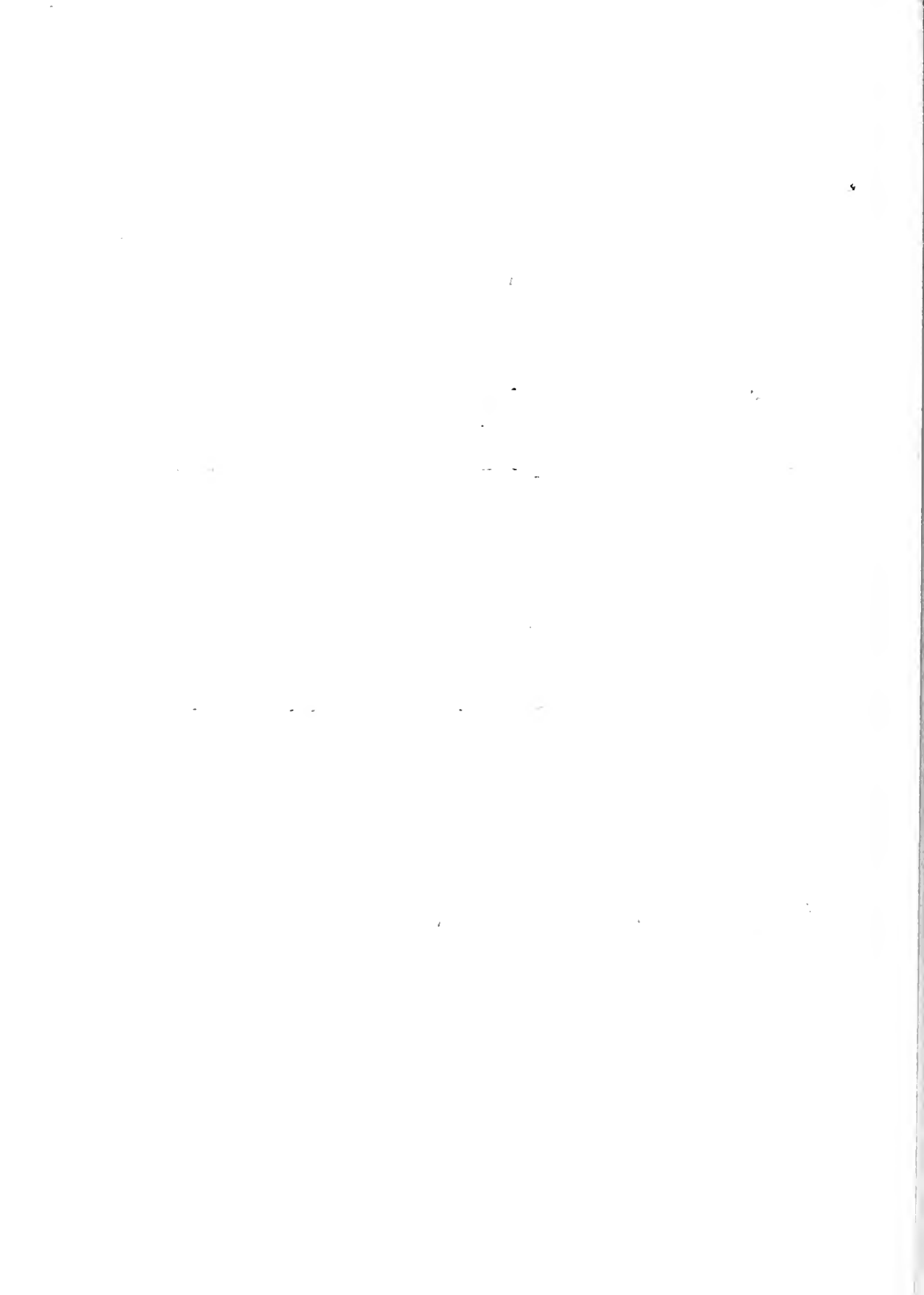




T H E
A R T
OF PRESERVING
H E A L T H.

B O O K IV.

The P A S S I O N S.



T H E
A R T
OF PRESERVING
H E A L T H.
B O O K IV.

The P A S S I O N S.

THE choice of aliment, the choice of air,
The use of toil and all external things,
Already fung ; it now remains to trace
What good what evil from ourselves proceeds :
5 And how the fubtle principle within
Inspires with health, or mines with ftrange decay
The paffive body. Ye poetic Shades,
That know the fecrets of the world unfeen,

Affift

Afflict my song! For, in a doubtful theme
10 Engag'd, I wander thro' mysterious ways.

There is, they say, (and I believe there is)
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;
And when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,
15 Its native feat; and mixes with the Gods.
Mean while this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements, in every nerve
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels
20 The body's woes and joys, this ruling power
Weilds at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself:

Nor

25 Nor less the labours of the mind corrode
 The solid fabric. For by subtle parts,
 And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves
 The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.
 By subtle fluids pour'd thro' subtle tubes
 30 The natural, vital, functions are perform'd.
 By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd ;
 The toiling heart distributes life and strength ;
 These the still-crumbling frame rebuild ; and these
 Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

35 But 'tis not Thought (for still the soul's employ'd)
 'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
 All day the vacant eye without fatigue
 Strays o'er the heaven and earth ; but long intent
 On microscopic arts its vigour fails.
 40 Just so the mind, with various thought amus'd,
 Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain.

But anxious Study, Discontent, and Care,
Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,
And Fear, and Jealousy, fatigue the soul,
45 Engross the subtle ministers of life,
And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears ;
The Lover's paleness ; and the fallow hue
Of Envy, Jealousy ; the meagre stare
50 Of fore Revenge : The canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong-built pedant ; who both night and day
Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall ;
55 O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropfy drown'd,
Or sinks in lethargy before his time.
With useful studies you, and arts that please
Employ your mind, amuse but not fatigue.

Peace

Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage !

60 And ever may the German folio's rest !

Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,
Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads
Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to relish what their generous taste

65 Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame
Nor love of knowledge urge you to fatigue
With constant drudgery the liberal soul.

Toy with your books : and, as the various fits
Of humour seize you, from Philosophy

70 To Fable shift ; from serious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read ;
And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.

75 The chest so exercis'd improves its strength ;

And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
The restless blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.

Deem it not trifling while I recommend
80 What posture suits : To stand and sit by turns,
As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
85 The restless mind. For ever on pursuit
Of knowledge bent it starves the grosser powers.
Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose
Its turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
Than what the body knows embitter life.
90 Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of care,
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind.
There madness enters ; and the dim-ey'd Fiend,
Sour

Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale ;
95 A mournful visionary light o'erspreads
The chearful face of nature : earth becomes
A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above.
Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise ;
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear
100 Forms out of nothing ; and with monsters teems
Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves.
And all the horrors, that the guilty feel,
With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless breast.
105 Such phantoms Pride in solitary scenes,
Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.
From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon ;
It finds you miserable, or makes you so.

For

110 For while yourself you anxiously explore,
Timorous Self-love, with sick'ning Fancy's aid,
Presents the danger that you dread the most,
And ever galls you in your tender part.

Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
115 For grim religion some, and some for pride,
Have lost their reason : some for fear of want
Want all their lives ; and others every day
For fear of dying suffer worse than death.

Ah ! from your bosoms banish, if you can,
120 Those fatal guests : and first the Demon Fear ;
That trembles at impossible events,
Lest aged Atlas should resign his load
And heaven's eternal battlements rush down.
Is there an evil worse than fear itself?

125 And what avails it that indulgent heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,

Grow

B. IV. *Preserving* H E A L T H. III

Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own ?
Enjoy the present ; nor with needless cares,
130 Of what may spring from blind Misfortune's womb,
Appal the surest hour that life bestows.
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
For what may come ; and leave the rest to heaven.

Oft from the body, by long ails mistun'd,
135 These evils sprung the most important health,
That of the mind, destroy : And when the mind
They first invade, the conscious body soon
In sympathetic languishment declines.
These chronic passions, while from real woes
140 They rise, and yet without the body's fault
Infest the soul, admit one only cure ;
Diversión, hurry, and a restless life.
Vain are the consolations of the wise,
In vain your friends would reason down your pain.

- 145 Oh ye whose souls relentless love has tam'd
To soft distress, or friends untimely slain!
Court not the luxury of tender thought:
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
- 150 Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the chearful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling croud;
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish
155 Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
New to your eyes, and shifting every hour;
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appennines.
Or, more advent'rous, rush into the field
160 Where war grows hot; and, raging thro' the sky,
The lofty trumpet swells the maddening soul:
And

And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
Forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most too passive, when the blood runs low,
165 Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,
Try Circe's arts ; and in the tempting bowl
Of poison'd Nectar sweet oblivion drink.
Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dissolves
170 In empty air ; Elysium opens round.
A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care ;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess and superior stars :
175 The happiest you, of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
But soon your heaven is gone ; a heavier gloom

Q

Shuts

Shut so'eryour head: and, as the thundering stream,
Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
180 Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook ;
So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man ;
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
For prodigal of life in one rash night
185 You lavish'd more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes ; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endur'd ; so may the throbbing head :
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
190 Involves you ; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt
When, baited round Citheron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.
You curse the sluggish Port ; you curse the wretch,
195 The felon, with unnatural mixture first

Who

Who dar'd to violate the virgin Wine.
Or on the fugitive Champain you pour
A thousand curses; for to heav'n your soul
It rapt, to plunge you deeper in despair.
200 Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift,
The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:
And with that heaven from mortals had withheld
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

205 Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect
What follies in your loose unguarded hour
Escap'd. By one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.
Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand
210 Performs a deed to haunt you to your grave.
Add that your means, your health, your parts
decay;

Your friends avoid you ; brutifhly transform'd
They hardly know you ; or if one remains
To wifh you well, he wifhes you in heaven.

215 Despis'd, unwept you fall ; who might have left
A facred, cherifh'd, fadly-pleafing name ;
A name ftill to be utter'd with a figh.
Your laft ungraceful fcene has quite effac'd
All fenfe and memory of your former worth.

220 How to live happieft ; how avoid the pains,
The difappointments, and difgufts of thofe
Who would in pleafure all their hours employ ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old, he ftill retain'd

225 His manly fenfe, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wife he was, but not fevere ;
He ftill remember'd that he once was young ;
His eafy prefence check'd no decent joy.

Him

Him even the dissolute admir'd; for he
230 A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing cou'd instruct. Much had he read,
Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
235 He pitied man: And much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
Our aim is Happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
240 Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flow'ry paths of faunt'ring Joy
Seek this coy Goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
245 For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To

To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam : And were the Fates more kind
Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.

250 Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all was vanity, and life a dream.

Let nature rest : Be busy for yourself,
And for your friend ; be busy even in vain

255 Rather than teize her fated appetites.

Who never fasts no banquet e'er enjoys ;

Who never toils or watches never sleeps.

Let nature rest : And when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge ; but shun satiety.

260 'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.

But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts

And

And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.

Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin ;

265 Virtue and Sense are one ; and, trust me, he

Who has not virtue is not truly wise.

Virtue (for meer good-nature is a fool)

Is sense and spirit, with humanity :

'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds ;

270 'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.

Knaves fain would laugh at it ; some great ones
dare ;

But at his heart the most undaunted son

Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.

To noblest uses this determines wealth ;

275 This is the solid pomp of prosperous days ;

The peace and shelter of adversity.

And if you pant for glory, build your fame

On this foundation, which the secret shock

Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.

The

280 The gawdy gloss of Fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye : The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By Sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
285 Is the best gift of heaven : a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites : a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transfer'd : it is the only good
290 Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd ;
Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
295 Are riches worth your care : (for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied.)

This

This noble end is, to produce the Soul ;
To shew the virtues in their fairest light ;
To make Humanity the Minister
300 Of bounteous Providence ; and teach the Breast
That generous luxury the Gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of Right and Wrong he
taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard ;
305 And (strange to tell !) he practis'd what he
preach'd.
Skill'd in the Passions, how to check their sway
He knew, as far as Reason can controul
The lawless Powers. But other cares are mine :
Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate
310 What Passions hurt the body, what improve :
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

R

Know

Know then, whatever chearful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel
315 Is Hope ; the balm and life-blood of the soul.
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent heaven
Sent down the kind delusion, thro' the paths
Of rugged life ; to lead us patient on ;
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
320 Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
Is Hope ; the last of all our evils, Fear.

But there are Passions grateful to the breast,
And yet no friends to Life ; perhaps they please
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul ;
325 Or while they please, torment. The stubborn Clown,
'The ill-tam'd Ruffian, and pale Usurer,
(If Love's omnipotence such hearts can mould)
May safely mellow into love ; and grow
Refin'd,

Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.

330 Love in such bosoms never to a fault

Or pains or pleasures. But ye finer Souls,

Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill

With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,

That beauty gives ; with caution and reserve

335 Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,

Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares.

For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast

Ferments and maddens ; sick with jealousy,

Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,

340 The wholesome appetites and powers of life

Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loaths

The genial board : Your chearful days are gone :

The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled.

To sighs devoted and to tender pains,

345 Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,

And waste your youth in musing. Musing first

R 2

Toy'd

Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart :
It found a liking there, a sportful fire,
And that fomented into serious love ;
350 Which musing daily strengthens and improves
Thro' all the heights of fondness and romance :
And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,
If once you doubt whether you love or no.
The body wastes away ; th' infected mind,
355 Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet heaven from such intoxicating charms
Defend all worthy breasts ! Not that I deem
Love always dangerous, always to be shun'd.
360 Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk
In wanton and unmanly tenderness,
Adds bloom to Health ; o'er every virtue sheds
A gay, humane, and amiable grace,
And brightens all the ornaments of man.

But

365 But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd
With jealousy, fatigued with hope and fear,
Too serious, or too languishingly fond,
Unnerves the body and unmans the soul.
And some have died for Love; and some run mad;
370 And some with desperate hand themselves have slain.

Some to extinguish, others to prevent,
A mad devotion to one dangerous Fair,
Court all they meet; in hopes to dissipate
The cares of Love amongst a hundred Brides.
375 Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find
A cure in this; there are who find it not.
'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls
The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.
For while from feverish and tumultuous joys
380 The nerves grow languid and the soul subsides;
The tender Fancy smart^as with every sting;
And

And what was Love before is Madness now.
Is health your care, or luxury your aim,
Be temperate still : When Nature bids obey ;
385 Her wild impatient fallies bear no curb.
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or loose Imagination, spurs you on
To deeds above your strength, impute it not
To Nature : Nature all compulsion hates.
390 Ah ! let nor luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might sleep without ;
To make what should be rapture a fatigue,
A tedious task ; nor in the wanton arms
Of twining Laïs melt your manhood down.
395 For from the colliquation of soft joys
How chang'd you rise ! the ghost of what you was !
Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan ;
Your veins exhausted and your nerves unstrung.
Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood
Grows

400 Grows vapid phlegm ; along the tender nerves
 (To each flight impulse tremblingly awake)
 A subtle Fiend that mimics all the plagues
 Rapid and restless springs from part to part.
 The blooming honours of your youth are fallen ;
 405 Your vigour pines ; your vital powers decay ;
 Diseases haunt you ; and untimely Age
 Creeps on ; unsocial, impotent, and lewd.
 Infatuate, impious, epicure ! to waste
 The stores of pleasure, chearfulness, and health !
 410 Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
 And coy perdition every hour pursue.

Who pines with Love, or in lascivious flames
 Consumes, is with his own consent undone :
 He chuses to be wretched, to be mad ;
 415 And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
 But there's a Passion, whose tempestuous sway
 Tears

Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,
And shakes to ruins proud philosophy.
For pale and trembling Anger rushes in,
420 With fault'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare ;
Fierce as the Tyger, madder than the seas,
Desperate, and arm'd with more than human
strength.

How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend !
425 Who pines in Love, or wastes with silent Cares,
Envy, or Ignominy, or tender Grief,
Slowly descends and ling'ring to the shades.
But he whom Anger stings, drops, if he dies,
At once, and rushes apoplectic down ;
430 Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.
For, as the Body thro' unnumber'd strings
Reverberates each vibration of the Soul ;
As is the Passion, such is still the Pain

The

The Body feels ; or chronic, or acute.

435 And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers
The Life, or gives your Reason to the winds.
Such fates attend the rash alarm of Fear,
And sudden Grief, and Rage, and sudden Joy.

There are, mean time, to whom the boist'rous
fit

440 Is Health, and only fills the fails of life.
For where the Mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a Body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on ;
A generous folly spurns th' incumbent load,
445 Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably strung ;
Wave all Dispute ; be cautious if you joke ;

S

Keep

Keep Lent for ever ; and forswear the Bowl.

450 For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
Or shatters every hopeful scheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and every plague
That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
455 And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
As your own Wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While Choler works, good Friend, you may
be wrong ;

Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.

460 'Tis not too late to morrow to be brave ;
If Honour bids, to morrow kill or die.
But calm advice against a raging fit
Avails too little ; and it tries the power

Of

Of all that ever taught in Prose or Song,
 465 To tame the Fiend that sleeps a gentle Lamb,
 And wakes a Lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
 You reason well, see as you ought to see,
 And wonder at the madness of mankind :
 Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget
 470 The speculations of your wiser hours.
 Beset with Furies of all deadly shapes,
 Fierce and insidious, violent and slow ;
 With all that urge or lure us on to Fate ;
 What refuge shall we seek ? what arms prepare ?
 475 Where Reason proves too weak, or void of wiles,
 To cope with subtle or impetuous Powers,
 I would invoke new Passions to your aid :
 With Indignation would extinguish Fear,
 With Fear or generous Pity vanquish Rage,
 480 And Love with Pride; and force to force oppose.

There is a Charm : a Power that fways the
breast ;

Bids every Paſſion revel or be ſtill ;
Inſpires with Rage, or all your Cares diſſolves ;
Can ſooth Diſtraction, and almoſt Deſpair.

485 That Power is Muſic : Far beyond the ſtretch
Of thoſe unmeaning warblers on our ſtage ;
Thoſe clumsy Heroes, thoſe fat-headed Gods,
Who move no Paſſion juſtly but Contempt :
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and ſtrong !)
490 Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours ; we bear thoſe monſtrous arts,
Good Heaven ! we praiſe them : we, with loudeſt
peals,

Applaud the fool that higheſt lifts his heels ;
And, with inſipid ſhew of rapture, die
495 Of idiot notes, impertinently long.

But

But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,
A Poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire ;
Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ;
500 Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In Love dissolves you ; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast ;
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad ;
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
505 Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song ;
510 And such the Thracian, whose harmonious lyre,
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ;
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell,
And

And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.

Musick exalts each Joy, allays each Grief,

515 Expells Diseases, softens every Pain,

Subdues the rage of Poison, and the Plague ;

And hence the wife of ancient days ador'd

One Power of Physic, Melody, and Song.

The E N D.



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